

Animals

OUR DUMB

MAY 1956



TWO YOUNGSTERS MAKE THEIR "ACQUAINTANCE—SNIFFS."

Photo, A. J. Mueller

JAN 16 1957



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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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Easter Chicks and Disease

FOR many years now humane societies have annually raised their voices against the custom of giving live baby chicks as Easter presents. Many states like Massachusetts have enacted legislation to limit the sale of baby chicks to lots of not less than six, and while such legislation has reduced the sale of the immature creatures, it has by no means stopped the practice.

Our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was the sponsor of the baby chick legislation in Massachusetts and our original intention was to prohibit the sale of the frail, infant fowl except for commercial food purposes. Strong objections from poultry breeders, however, resulted in our present law which does not really solve the problem.

But perhaps a new medical report appearing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 158:1153, July 30, 1955, by Drs. Anderson, Bauer and Nelson may cause thoughtless parents to think twice before they bring home baby chicks or ducklings next Easter for their children to play with or, as is often the case, mutilate.

The doctors referred in the above report to an unusual outbreak of salmonellosis which was traced to chicks distributed by food stores at Easter as a promotion stunt.

The doctors did not attempt to question all the persons who might have received chicks from the stores, but they did find that 29 of the 52 members of the households involved had symptoms of gastroenteritis, and probably had salmonellosis.

S. P. C. A.'s and humane societies should call this situation to the attention of health authorities and then encourage vigorous action so as to finally stamp out the evil of giving live, immature creatures as Easter gifts.

E. H. H.

Cat That Fed Like a Bird

By Gertrude B. Fiertz

AMONG our cherished friends is a physician-naturalist. This man lives in Bahia, Brazil, where he was born of Swiss parents, and where he divides his interests between his practice and the wild life of the surrounding jungle. On a recent trip to New York, he told us of an episode which he had observed carefully and which still puzzles him.

Some years ago, our friend bought an old, long-abandoned Portuguese monastery situated at a little distance from the city and surrounded by a large tract of jungle. Most of the building he restored for his home and set aside the land as a wild-life sanctuary where all animal life, even that of "dangerous" pumas and snakes, was safe from man. Now, among our naturalist friend's numerous pets, he once kept a common, domestic short-haired cat.

This cat led a precarious existence. Not only did the surrounding jungle, which pushed almost to the doorstep, hold such dangers as poisonous snakes, but the watch dog, kept at the house, was particularly aggressive. To this traditional enemy the cat lost the first litter of kittens before the doctor could rescue them.

Presently a second litter was due. This time the doctor provided a safer place for them, and awaited the arrival. The day soon came when it was clear that the kittens had been born. But where were they? The doctor could not find them. Day after day, the mother cat came as usual for meals, and then quickly disappeared. After some days her appetite suddenly rose and remained actually ravenous. Also, even more quickly than before she would disappear after the last morsel was eaten. She appeared healthy. Why was she so extraordinarily hungry? Where and why did she disappear? Where were the kittens.

The doctor now set himself to watch. Quickly after the evening meal, he saw the cat slip up to a second floor balcony, then, by precarious footholds in the old, slanting wall, to a crevice under the roof tiles. The doctor hauled up a ladder, climbed it and peered in. There was the mother with her recently weaned kittens

and, strangest of all, there she was disgorging her evening meal for their benefit.

The kittens lapped it up. Was this performance deliberate or was she, as the doctor first speculated, merely sick? The doctor was startled, puzzled. The next evening he reached the kittens before the cat returned, watched her climb the same difficult path no dog could follow. Again she disgorged her evening meal and again the kittens lapped it up. The following night he watched the same episode. The kittens, past weaning, were being fed and cared for in safety.

What mental process, what obscure instinct or "learning", led the mother cat to this behavior that allowed her, after weaning the kittens, still to feed them in safety? Neither the doctor nor we have ever heard of a similar, birdlike performance by a cat.

"Squatter's Rights"

By E. J. Ritter, Jr.

DOMINO, a black and white water Spaniel, is having trouble with a "squatter," a duck named Gwendolyn. She has taken over Domino's doghouse for her own private maternity ward.

It all started a few weeks ago when Gwendolyn left a nearby pond, made her way across a road, through heavy brush and settled down in Domino's doghouse at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl G. Meyers, of Cincinnati, Ohio. She built a nest and started laying eggs.

Since then, Domino's home has become Gwendolyn's home. She is sitting on a nest of fifteen eggs. Domino can't get in, but thus far, he hasn't raised any violent objections.

Gwendolyn, each morning, makes the trip back to her pond, swims around for an hour or so and then is escorted back to the nest by her mate. Then the papa duck goes back to the pond.

Goldbricker

By Nina Walter

WHEN our Boston bulldog, Billie, was struck by an automobile, he received a broken front leg and severe bruises on the insides of his hind quarters. After we brought him home from the hospital, we made a pallet in the bedroom and carefully stretched him out on one side. Naturally, he received much petting—and he loved it.

He put on a tear-jerking performance, feebly patting his tail and rolling sorrowful eyes at us. Seemingly in too much pain to move, he indicated by rolling his head and moaning when he wanted somebody to lift him carefully and stretch him out on his other side. Whenever he wanted to go out, he whined until Mother gathered him in her arms, carried him outside and set him down carefully on his three good legs and one plaster cast. When he was ready to come in, he stood there and whined until Mother returned to carry him back to his pallet. This performance went on for a week.

Then I brought home a kitten and forgot to watch it. It wandered into the bedroom where the dog lay quietly on his pallet. I heard the ensuing uproar and came running. The dog had leaped from his bed and chased the kitten through two rooms to the back porch, where he was trying to become acquainted by jumping at the washing machine where, hissing and spitting, the kitten had taken refuge. When Billie saw me, he hung his head, limped back to his pallet and stretched himself on his side with a groan. But Mother would have none of it.

"No more special service for you, you goldbricker," she scolded, setting him on his feet and rolling up the pallet.

He looked like a child caught in the jam jar, but he didn't play sick any more. And he didn't chase the kitten again, either.

"Mewsician"

By Margaret E. Singleton

*She needs no music markings
Like "presto" or "rubato"
To pluck upon her ball of twine
A little puss-in-cato.*

Bloodhound: *Gentlest of* Dogs

By Mabel G. Shelton

THE bloodhound is without doubt the most unprepossessing of all breeds of dogs as far as appearance goes and this has earned for this gentle hound a name he does not deserve.

True, he is used to track criminals and was extensively used to hunt runaway slaves during the period of slavery in this country. However, contrary to widespread belief, there is not a single instance on record of a bloodhound mangling or tearing its quarry when the end of the trail has been reached. The reason bloodhounds are run on a leash is two-fold and neither reason concerns the safety of the hunted.

First, a bloodhound following a trail is unaware of danger and will walk in front of a speeding car or oncoming train. Second, hounds that run free bay so their master can follow, but this also warns a fugitive or frightens a lost child—hence the leash.

One authority has said of the bloodhound, "Of salt, man can perceive one part in 640 through his sense of taste; his optic nerve becomes conscious of a change of color when one part in one million of methyl violet is added to colorless water; his olfactory nerve surpasses his optic nerve and the nerves of taste yet, compared to the bloodhound, man is as incapable of finding and following a scent as a hippopotamus is of doing long division."

Let us examine the features of this gentle, affectionate creature. His wide nose picks up odors; his hanging lips fan up particles of scent when he sniffs; his drooping ears that form a pocket back of his nose enable him to trap scent when he is running with his head up. He possesses the characteristics of the ordinary hound



These bloodhounds, who have been instrumental in finding many lost persons, are certainly not ferocious looking.

in an extreme development—long, low-slung ears, loose skin, long muzzle and a most somber expression. In fact, the skin of the head and face is so loose and ample that it falls in deep folds or wrinkles. The weight of the ears pulls it into furrows or deep folds and also pulls the lower eyelids away from the eyes. The ears are thin and fine and they are so long that they trail when the nose is down. No, he is not pretty, but he has a great heart which will stand up under hardships.

Some believe that these dogs were first brought to England by William the Conqueror; others say they were brought by pilgrims from the Holy Land.

The bloodhound usually weighs around one hundred pounds and is about twenty-five inches tall. He should be black and tan, or all tan of a deep shade. Any appreciable amount of white is an indication of impurity of strain and lessens his value as a trailer.

Bloodhounds derive their name from the fact that they were originally used to track animals that were wounded and bleeding. Their ability to hit a trail and keep it is one of the marvels of nature. Hours may have passed since the tracks were made. The way may lead through a host of other odors—over roads where sheep and cattle and hogs have passed—but the true bloodhound is never confused by these. He goes on without deviation to his quarry.

These dogs were formerly used more extensively by police departments than now, when the wanted person could not put hundreds of miles behind him in a single day through the use of a motor car, but they are still used to some degree, both in this country and in Europe.

In disposition this gentle creature is unexcelled, and it is too bad that his fearsome name has earned him unjust notoriety with those who know little about dogs.



War and Peace

By Richard R. Carr

IN the cold, rough country of Korea, several years ago, a nine-man, one-dog infantry scouting party was assigned a patrol deep into the heart of Communist territory.

This same group had many times before risked their lives behind enemy lines so that United Nations' intelligence officers could have much-needed information of Red movements.

Eight of the men in the patrol were Turkish soldiers fighting with the UN forces in Korea. The rest of the patrol consisted of an American soldier—a dog handler—and his German shepherd, Fritz.

The Turks did not understand English, but this was no handicap, because absolute silence was maintained on all patrols into enemy territory and they had to depend on simple hand and arm signals for all communication.

Fritz was the key to the success of each mission. When his super senses detected the enemy's presence, the combat-trained dog reacted in a way that only his handler could interpret. The dog's stance would enable the American to pinpoint the enemy's position and direction of movement. He and his dog were as close as man and animal could be.

The squad had often passed close enough to enemy patrols to see faces and observe equipment. Only Fritz's keen senses and timely warnings kept the patrol from discovery and sudden extinction.

As darkness fell on this particular day, several years ago, the

patrol left its encampment and slowly, silently, made its way across Korea's forbidding terrain toward enemy lines.

Fritz was in top form. He responded unhesitatingly to his handler's signals, oftentimes anticipating them. He had just directed the squad around a large Communist advance unit when the American soldier was killed by a stray enemy shell—the only type of danger Fritz could not detect in time to warn his master.

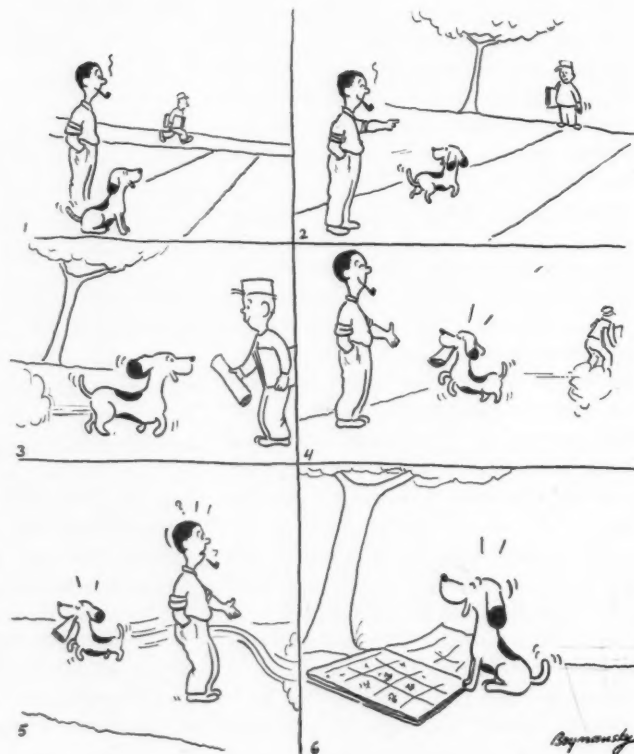
The Turkish soldiers found themselves in a painful dilemma, for Fritz would let no one near the body of his dead master. The confused Turks huddled together in the freezing cold to make a decision. They were still in enemy territory with information vital to the UN cause and with revealing daylight soon to be upon them. The faithful dog threatened to tear to pieces anyone who approached the body of his master.

Early the next morning, as the sun rose slowly over the frozen Korean hills, a strange group staggered into a front-line American outpost. First to enter the encampment was one of the Turks bearing the body of the American, the body that Fritz had so ferociously guarded.

Next came seven ripped and bleeding Turks carrying in their arms the tightly bound, but still fighting, Fritz—the dog who had saved their lives so many times, the dog they could not hurt or leave behind.

Fritz is back in America now, living peacefully in a small mid-western town where he is the playmate and guardian of a family of four—a gentle woman, a kind man and two small, very playful children.

Fritz is glad to be back from the war and the happy family is glad to have him with them, as were, no doubt, eight Turkish soldiers on many pre-dawn Korean patrols several years ago.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

WHEN her puppies are small and dependent, Sheila will give them her last crumb and protect them with her life if need be, but the moment they learn the way unassisted to food and water, she has no more interest in them than in strays that wander in from the road. They can fight among themselves until they draw blood; they can be cat-scratched and goose-whipped, and it's all the same to her.

At first, they seem to think her snarls and snaps are part of a new game, but when she really gets tough they are forced to the realization that Mama doesn't love them any more and if they are wise, they let her alone.

There are always one or two in a litter who refuse to take her reprimands seriously. They are the ones who snap back and who continue to heckle her until she loses patience and gives them what for.

Clarence, who didn't know his head from a hole in the ground, was one of the thick-skinned ones. No matter how often Sheila bit him or chased him away from her bed and platter, he'd bounce back, ready to annoy her the minute he stopped smarting.

With Mr. Blue, however, Clarence was quite a different pup. He never disturbed the "old man" when he was sleeping, or chewed on his shin bones, or tried to dismember him bit by bit. When he and Mr. Blue went for a run, he trotted nicely at the older dog's side, never once yapping or tugging on a tender tail or ear. But the moment Sheila appeared, the imp in him got the upper hand and Sheila was forced to climb to the highest bale in the barn to get away from him.

As time went on and Clarence grew bigger and rougher, Sheila spent more time hiding from him than she did in her usual activities. What was worse, she began acting like a dog who had been whipped and who momentarily expects another flogging. She went about with her tail between her legs and her brow drawn in a doleful expression of frustration.

But after a while I began to notice a marked change in Sheila's behavior. It was as though she were taking an interest in the pup again. She began playing with him, taking him on short jaunts into the vineyard. At first, they'd be gone only a few minutes. Then the time extended to an hour, two, three.

These trips became so routine that I paid scant attention to them until one day mother and son disappeared directly after breakfast and didn't show up for lunch or dinner. As night approached I became uneasy and called and whistled until I had all the dogs in the neighborhood in an uproar. But no Clarence or Sheila answered my voice.

Around midnight I heard Sheila come in and got up to give her a snack and to check on the pup, but he wasn't there and because Sheila looked so guilty, I concluded she'd either deliberately lost him or had run away when he fell into an irrigation ditch. As soon as it was full daylight, I had Jack saddle Chief and ordering Mr. Blue to find Clarence, set out to recover the pup if possible.

Mr. Blue led the way through the vineyard as though he knew what he was doing, but when he came to the alfalfa patch adjoining it he stopped, as though having lost the way. While I waited, he trotted back and forth, then all at once, he began zigzagging through the foot-high alfalfa.

After a while we crossed a road, entered a peach orchard, then a walnut grove and finally, a dairy. Deciding to make

"Mr. Blue," on the Trail

by Ina Louez Morris



With Mr. Blue, Clarence was the soul of sobriety.

inquiries at the dairy, I rode to the barn when, to my surprise, I found the fellow I was looking for sitting nonchalantly in the door of the milk house, his sides bulging like an inflated balloon.

"So, here you are," I said. "Come on, let's go home." Clarence looked me straight in the eye and continued to sit. At the sound of my voice, a man came out and asked what I wanted.

"That," I said, pointing. "He got lost. . . ."

"Oh," the man said, looking disappointed. "I thought somebody had dropped him. Nice little fellow. Don't suppose you'd want to part with him. . . ."

"I might," I said. "If you're sure. . . ."

While we were talking, Clarence wedged himself between the man's legs as though he'd made up his mind to stay.

The man and I, having reached an agreement as to Clarence's future, said goodbye, and with Mr. Blue draped over the front of the saddle, we headed for home and a good breakfast—the first in a long time, by the way, that Sheila ate without interference.

More about Daisy

By Sally Oston

IN this world of ours there are all kinds of zany indicators of weather, sunlight, and temperatures. In this household we have two, one is a stub of a tail, the other a hard rubber ball with a tinkle bell inside. Both are barometers of happiness.

No matter where we have been, how long we have stayed, or how late it is when we return home, Daisy runs for her ball, tosses it through the living room and the dining room and then, depending upon the hour, leaves it to go to sleep, or brings it to me to issue a sort of a command to come and romp a bit.

This ritual was not noticed at first, probably because it seemed to be mere coincidence, but when the same scene was enacted time after time it was no longer a coincidence.

The ball and Daisy are a killer combination. I taught her, woe is me and alas, to put the ball into an aluminum cup, to tip the cup over in order to retrieve the ball, and then to stand the cup up straight again. This was a great game until one day Daisy's sharp teeth put a dent into the relatively soft metal so that it was dangerous to play with. Naturally, I disposed of the cup and thought that this game was a closed subject. How wrong can a person be?

In our living room, we have a very low coffee table that stands beneath a very large picture window. There are various points of interest on this table—a fruit bowl, a plant and a large very expensive ash tray.

Some days later, after the demise of the aluminum cup, I heard the sound of china upon china coming from the living room. When I went to investigate I found that Daisy was rolling her ball around in the very expensive ash tray and knocking it against the fruit bowl. It was funny, because she was so evidently looking for the "good girl" with which I had praised her for the cup accomplishment. Still, I had to reprimand her for this trick if I didn't want it repeated. I did, and that was that—until a few days later.

It happened a couple of times when I took the ball away. She followed me

around the house, poking at the ball which was in my pocket, licking my hands, and when I sat down, putting her head on my knee. Yes, I gave the ball back.

After that, things seemed to be under control, no more ash tray play. Occasionally, she would put the ball on the table for safe-keeping, but never in the ash tray.

Among other preferences, Daisy likes to sit in the living room, looking out of the window at everything and anything

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My Dog(s)

by Rachel S. Findlay

Just one small dog is all I see;
He barks enough for two or three.
Those muddy footprints on the floor
Could not be made by less than four.
The food he gets to make him thrive
Should satisfy a pack of five,
Still bones and sticks to make a feast
Are carried in by six, at least.
His balls and puppy toys should do
For seven dogs the whole day through,
Yet shoes and other things of mine
Get chewed as though by eight or nine.
But somehow, everything comes right—
For all those dogs lie down at night.

■■■■■■■■

that catches her eye. One day she was sitting there with the ball in her mouth, just looking. Perhaps, if dogs do that, daydreaming a little. Suddenly, came that familiar sound and Daisy came galloping breathlessly into the kitchen. My husband and I roared with laughter. For she was, indeed, an inadvertant culprit. In her dogdom lethargy, she had apparently forgotten about the ball and it had dropped out of her mouth—you guessed it, right into the ash tray.

I couldn't, and didn't scold. An accident can happen to anyone. Yet, with that leprechaun look in her eyes, I wonder, was it or wasn't it? I answer, no—at least until it happens again.

Mama Knows Best

By Helen L. Renshaw

SKEPTICAL friends and neighbors of Bill Dunning, in Enumclaw, Washington, are ready to concede that mamma knows best—even a Siberian husky mamma.

It seems that five weeks ago Kiska, the Siberian husky, had a blessed event—six tiny female puppies and two males. Naturally, Kiska's owner had prepared a warm doghouse for this special occasion. Everything was in readiness for the six-year-old registered Husky and her family. But was the new mamma pleased with her lovely home? No, indeed. She sniffed it contemptuously and walked away.

"She'll welcome that warm home when the babies arrive," said Dunning.

Well, the babies came during a recent snow storm when four degrees above zero weather hit the town. But the Siberian mother still scorned the doghouse. Day and night, through storm and bitter cold, she kept her litter concealed under her as the winds whistled and the snow drifted.

Bill Dunning carried the small pups into the house, over and over again. But Kiska insisted on keeping her family outdoors.

Now, however, dubious observers are pulling in their horns and reluctantly admitting that Kiska knew what was best for her babies. Averaging five ounces at birth, the puppies now average five pounds and are as hard as nails. One pugnacious male weighs over six pounds, but that is because he seems to have perfected a system that beats his brothers and sisters to the "dinner table."

It seems that the land of Kiska's birth sometimes has weather that is 75 degrees below zero. No wonder she considers the Puget Sound area to be in the banana belt.

Now Kiska is beginning to use her fine doghouse. But not to sleep in. She's trying to teach her youngsters to eat the store food that her master provides. But like youngsters the world over, they think mother's fare is just fine. So mother, a little tired of it all, seeks refuge from her persistent puppies and spends a lot of her time on top of the doghouse, just out of reach of her hungry offspring.



Notice how several members of this elk herd are on the alert, ready to warn of impending danger.

Among our four-footed neighbors of the wilds—

Animal Guards Are Always Faithful

LOVERS and students of wild life never cease marveling at the cunning of animals—the many different ways they solve the problems of their existence. In their continual struggle for existence, they resort to many methods, including the posting of guards, in order to out-smart their enemies.

Many wild creatures, notably those that stay in groups, protect themselves by having one of their members act as sentinel.

A flock of mountain sheep never all lie down at the same time. It seems as if by agreement some of them will stand to watch for a given period. When they give over the watch, others will rise to take their places. By day or night there are faithful guards on duty. It is much the same way with wild goats, moose and elk.

In the case of deer, they frequently feed alternately. While several are eating, one or more are always on the alert, with head held high, eyes sweeping the countryside and nostrils sniffing the air. Sometimes during resting periods, deer will lie back to back, so they are headed in opposite directions, thus able to see an approaching enemy from any direction. When traveling, the oldest buck in the herd acts as rear guard, and there is more danger of an attack from the rear than elsewhere.

Wild cattle and wild hogs are other creatures that put much dependence in their guards.

Beavers do not always have guards on duty except when they are felling trees. While engaged in this noisy work, a sentry is on the alert and is quick to give the danger signal by slapping his broad tail on the ground or upon the surface of the water.

It is said that in Africa a certain species of small birds practically live their entire lives on the backs of the rhinoceros, feeding upon the vermin which infest the huge creatures. It seems the rhinoceros not only appreciate the birds ridding them of insect pests, but are also grateful to them for warning of the approach of an enemy.

Elephants are said to have two or more guards on duty when there is a large herd. These creatures are rather nearsighted, and their hearing is not especially acute, but their ability to smell probably is more highly developed than in any other animal. Aided by this sense of smell, the guards are able to detect the presence of an enemy at a distance of two miles or more.

Prairie dogs have special guards on duty at feeding time. So long as the sentries do not give the warning signal of danger the little animals feed contentedly. The

approach of an intruder is signaled by a "Yip! Yip! Yip!" Immediately every dog "freezes" and is alert. A fourth yip from the guard and all dogs scurry for their holes, sitting upon the rim in readiness for a hasty retreat inside. If the foe continues to approach, there is a babble of yips and all dogs disappear as if by magic.

Special guards are on the alert to sound danger signals in many different species of birds. Wild turkeys keep sentries posted on all sides, looking and listening while the other members of the flock eat, take naps, or dust themselves.

It is much the same way with wild geese—one guards while others eat. In flying, the goose flying at the apex of the V formation sets the speed, the direction, and at what height to fly—he is also the chief guard.

Crows, those mischievous birds, loved by some, detested by others, one of our most interesting birds, live in large colonies. They seem to be about the best organized of any birds, and keep sentries posted at all times. They never feed unless they have guards out to give the alarm signal in case of danger. It is believed that crows are capable of sending messages to other crows a distance of a mile away. With such a well organized communication system, it is almost impossible to slip up on a crow.



Photo by John D. Hanlon

Position is everything in life—or perhaps it was only because his nose was cold.

"Don't you dare flick an ash this way!"

Photo by H. J. Brigance



Let Sleeping Dogs



Sleep of exhaustion after a hard day of



Photo by Marcus Kirby

Arm chair generals — they went to sleep on the job.

Dogs and Cats Lie

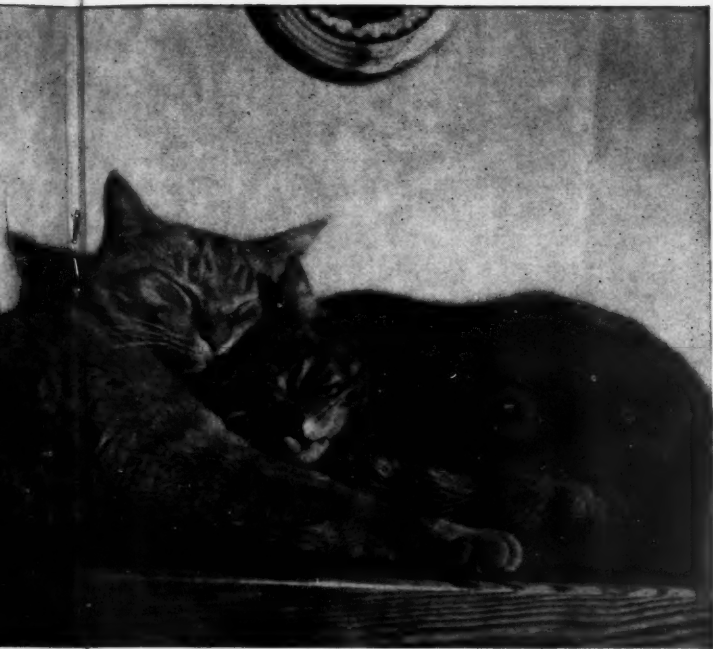


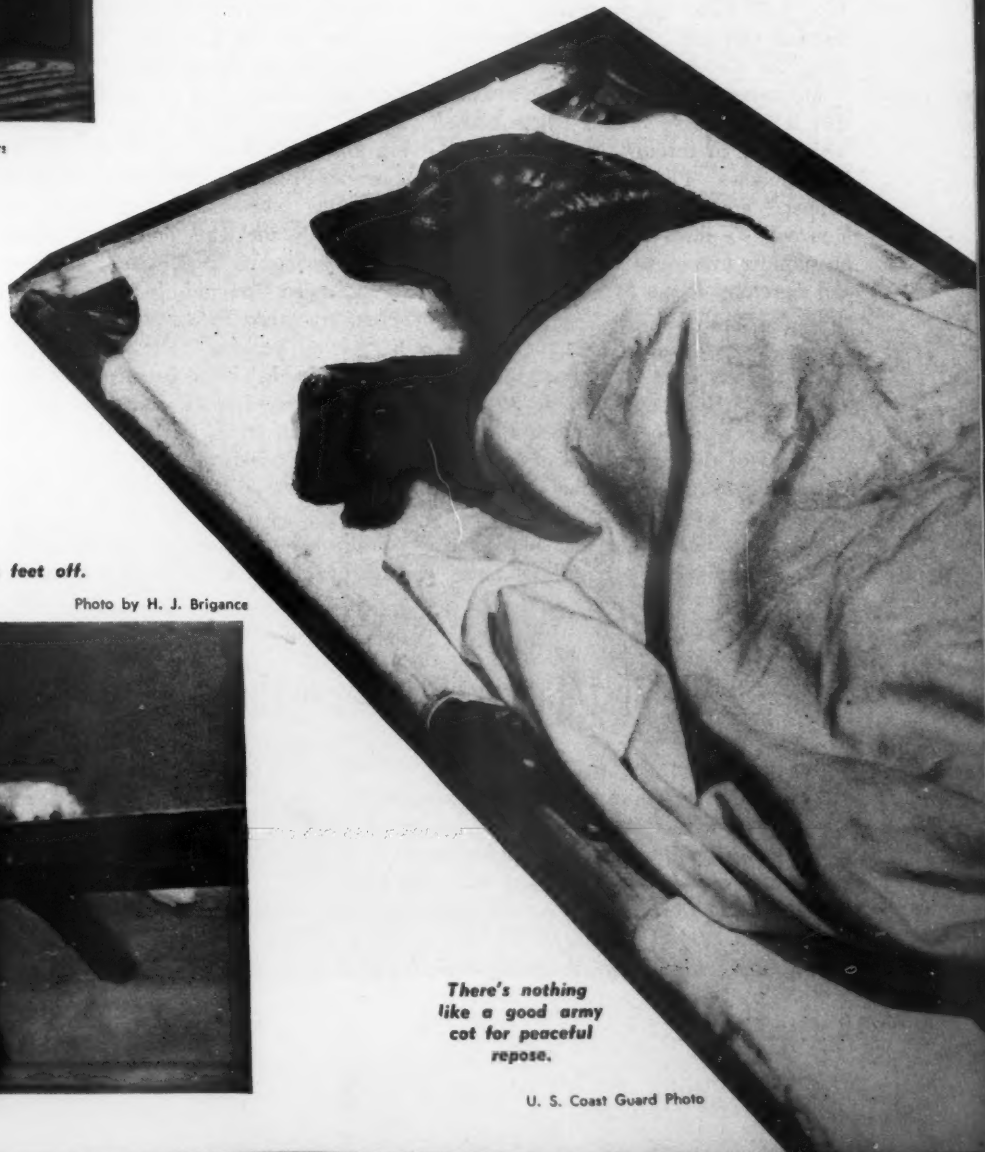
Photo by Margaret Ann Ahlers

hard day of work — or should we say play.



Photo by E. D. Farino

Missing the parade when "the saints go marching by."



Complete oblivion — two feet on, two feet off.

Photo by H. J. Brigrance



There's nothing like a good army cot for peaceful repose.

U. S. Coast Guard Photo



The English Pipistrelle—a swift flyer and diver.

"Flittermice"

By Nora Oswald

WHAT has four feet and flies? Whatever it is, it nearly drove me batty one night when I was still a little girl. Awakened in the dark of night I experienced a queer sensation, for in rhythmic rounds something swooshed past my head. My heart thumped. I was scared. I pulled my bed covers over my face, held them tightly against my ears, and laid very still. I don't remember how long, but I eventually fell asleep again.

My father informed me in the morning that it might have been a "flittermouse" which flew in through our open screenless windows. "Flittermouse" or "leather flappers" are commonly known as bats. You will see them circling above houses on summer evenings. Bats are nocturnal and therefore, do not fly about during the day.

Bats are probably the only mammals that fly. They have four feet and a body covered with fur like a mouse. Unlike birds, their wings have no feathers but are sheets of thin rubbery skin stretched over a bony frame which folds up like an accordion.

Bats differ in color, size and shape, and are known to roam over all countries.

Some kinds are brown, gray, red and some silvery. In certain foreign countries bats are described as "leaf-nosed", "flower-nosed", "horseshoe", "javelin", etc. They have an impish appearance and will exert a fierce scrap if disturbed, surprised or awakened.

Bats are rarely seen in winter. Some are thought to hibernate and others go south to Texas and the Carolinas. They'll live where there are an abundance of insects. As I said before, they are workers of the night. When Mother Nature opens her big umbrella and dusks the landscape, bats come out of hiding. They get up the same time other birds are putting themselves to bed. On the wing they catch moths, beetles, gnats and bugs. Some eat fruit, and others suck animal blood.

Bats are expert fliers but are clumsy on the ground because their hind feet are bent backwards. During the daytime they sleep in clusters in dark places like barns, towers, attics, caves, rafters and beams. They rest in upside-down position fastening themselves with their hind hooked feet.

In an odd abandoned cavern in Letchworth State Park in New York lives the

largest colony of bats in the eastern United States. Six species of bats are found in this country and all six are seen in this cavern colony of four thousand bats. Experts believe they hibernate here in winter and then migrate to other states and to Canada in warmer weather. Banded bats from this cave have been found in the southern states and all the way into Canada.

A mother "flittermouse" makes no nest for her babies. As she hangs in her usual upside-down fashion she makes a cradle-like pocket with her wings. The mother nurses her babies with her own milk. As soon as the little ones are strong enough to cling to her fur she takes them along to catch food. Occasionally she will leave them parked somewhere while she hunts for food, then she'll come back and take them to bed.

Bats are careful groomers. Fur is combed with their hooked feet, ears are scratched and wings are licked all over. And like the cat, even the paws are rubbed over the head and ears.



Mexican spear-nosed bat

This is one of Mr. Flittermouse's favored sleeping or resting positions. Do you think he gets a headache by morning?

"... made just for each other—the dog and the little boy."

By Mildred S. Schmidt

*Was there ever any friendship quite so wonderful to see?
Were there ever any others who could always just agree?
No other pair could ever so thoroughly enjoy
Being with one another—as the dog and little boy.
They take long walks together, through fields and rippling
streams,
Strolling along the byways, dreaming their happy dreams.*

*They never quarrel or bicker, nor do things to annoy,
For there's perfect understanding—the dog and little boy.
There are other friendships that are good and kind and true.
There are often bonds of sympathy that last a whole life through.
But the pals that are the truest, with the big world to enjoy,
Who were made just for each other—the dog and little boy.*

A Dog's Devotion

By M. D. Bellomy

THE devotion of an animal to a person or a job is as much a puzzle today as it has been since the first dog attached itself to its first human companion, but its constancy can never be doubted. The life of Rags, a fifteen-year-old female of approximate airdale descent is a complete lesson in selfless devotion to a job.

In puppyhood, Rags chose her career. She would serve the people. Every working day of every year since 1938, this dog had been a self-appointed guardian of the U. S. Mail.

Rags is owned by a former mayor of Havertown, New York, who now owns a restaurant. For almost fifteen years, the faithful Rags has met the Havertown postman every morning about ten o'clock at a mail pick-up box near the restaurant. Through the rest of the day, no matter what the weather—rain, snow, hail or sleet—Rags took every step the postman did until quitting time came at four o'clock in the afternoon or whenever the route was finished. Sometimes, becoming a little impatient or perhaps thinking he was late

with his deliveries, Rags would bark for the postman if he lingered in conversation with a talkative housewife.

Rags is no different from human beings in some respects—in particular, that of becoming old. Recently, age caught up with Rags. The years had blinded the dog and weakened her once strong legs. On one unhappy day, the postman arrived at the pick-up box only to find that his canine companion was not there. He waited, but Rags did not come. Finally he went to the restaurant to make inquiries. Regretfully, the former mayor told the postman he had locked Rags in a room for her own safety. Rags, hearing and recognizing her companion's voice, whined and scratched at the door, but the postman respected the mayor's negative headshake, turned and sorrowfully walked his route alone.

Memories of the dog's constancy and devotion followed the postman all day as he went his lonely way. That night he decided to write Postmaster Summerfield in Washington, requesting some recogni-

tion for Rag's faithful service.

In the early part of October, Mr. Summerfield replied: "As a dog lover I was very much touched by your recent letter telling me that 'Rags' has been making the rounds with you on your mail route for the past fifteen years. It is regrettable that this splendid animal is now going blind and will not be able to make the rounds with you. I know that many friends, particularly children, on your route will miss him.

"While I am unable to give him some kind of reward or citation for his faithful service to the United States Postal Service, I hope this letter will serve in its place."

It is true the letter of commendation has no meaning to Rags herself, yet she seems to shine with happiness reflected from the pleasure it gives her owner and her postman pal every time they proudly display it, and that is done every time opportunity presents itself. Actually, Rags had a job to do and with the constant devotion that is part of nearly all dogs, she did that job masterfully.

Two Cool Cats

By Martha C. H. Dunnick

I have read about some very intelligent cats, but none like these.

Cats usually prefer a warm place to sleep, but not these two. They had too much heat during last summer's hot spell and must have spent much time since then wondering what to do about it.

One day the refrigerator door was left open for a few minutes—they knew exactly what to do, for in no time at all they were resting in comfort on the cold shelves in their own air conditioner.

Their owner, Mr. P. E. Kuntz of York, Pa., said he chased them out after a few minutes as he was afraid they might catch cold.

Now they stay near by and watch the refrigerator with eager eyes, jumping in every time they have an opportunity.



Society and



These heroes were awarded medals

KENNETH TARABELLI, of Watertown, is pictured above at Mount Auburn Hospital during award ceremonies at which Kenneth was presented with our Society's silver medal. J. Robert Smith, right, pinned the medal on Kenney, while Harold Russell, who lost both hands during a wartime accident and nurse Ursula White look on. Kenney has his remaining arm around "Cider," the dog he succeeded in saving, despite the fact that his arm caught between the cars of a moving train. Kenney is eleven years old.

For his rescue of a mongrel collie at the intake to Livingston Worsted Mills,

Inc., Holyoke, Roland F. Ward, an employee of Holyoke Water Power Co., was awarded a medal by our Society. Shown in the picture below, left to right, are: Allin W. Ladd, hydraulic engineer of the Company, Mr. Ward, wearing his medal and Harry C. Smith, prosecuting officer of our Society at our Worcester office.

Both of these rescues were consummated at the risk of life and limb and took real heroism and love for animals. Our Society took the greatest of pleasure in making these awards for what it considers outstanding courage and devotion to our animal friends.



Guilty of Abandonment

ON a report that a dog had been abandoned, one of our agents investigated and talked with the dog's owner just as he was moving from his present home. He stated that he would return and get his dog after dinner. Three days later, a further check proved that the dog had not been called for, so our agent took the dog to the shelter and notified the owner to claim his pet.

He was notified a second time, but as he ignored both notices, our officer procured a summons for him to appear in court on a charge of abandoning his dog. He pleaded not guilty, but was found guilty by the judge and given two weeks in the house of correction and put on suspended sentence for one year.

Without Shelter

INVESTIGATING a complaint that horses were left without shelter, one of our officers investigated the case and found that the owner of the horses had left them in a pasture ever since last fall.

In a hard rain the officer tramped over the pasture in search of the horses and finally found a chestnut mare and a pony mare huddled under a pine tree.

Both animals were very thin and in covering the whole pasture there was no evidence that the animals had been fed. The snow at that time was from eight to eighteen inches deep and there was evidence that the horses had been eating brush tips. Unable to contact the owner, our agent went to the court and obtained a complaint for failure to provide food and shelter. He later found the owner and the horses were removed to good shelter.

In court the owner pleaded not guilty but was found guilty by the judge and fined \$50.00.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals when you make your will. To help you, we print the proper legal form on the inside back cover of every issue of OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Society Awards Plaque

THE Board of Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, having long been interested in the tremendous amount of research done by the Remington Arms Company in bringing about the development of a revolutionary type of animal stunning instrument and being deeply appreciative of the cooperation which that Company has extended to our Society's Livestock Conservation Department representative, John C. Macfarlane, was only too happy to pay tribute to Remington Arms Company for what may well be one of the most outstanding humane developments to have been offered the slaughterhouses of the world in all time.

This Society is exceedingly proud of its own part in encouraging a more humane device for the stunning of this nation's food animals and is deeply appreciative that the suggestion of one of its employees would meet with such whole-hearted co-

operation by the Remington Arms Company.

It was, therefore, with sincere gratitude to Remington Arms that the beautiful plaque, pictured below, was presented to Mr. Maxwell Warden, president of Remington, and to his co-workers for this truly outstanding achievement.

It is heartening to realize that the moment this stunning instrument is on the market, it will be, in a sense, obsolete, for it is Remington Arms standing policy to proceed immediately in the making of improvements until perfection is reached. Ultimately the Company hopes to produce stunning instruments which may be used on all types of animals.

The present stunning device is planned for use on beef animals only, but with a few minor changes and improvements it is hoped that other devices may be produced that can be used on other animals to be slaughtered, such as hogs, sheep and calves.



May 1956

Patient Portraits

By Carolyn Carr



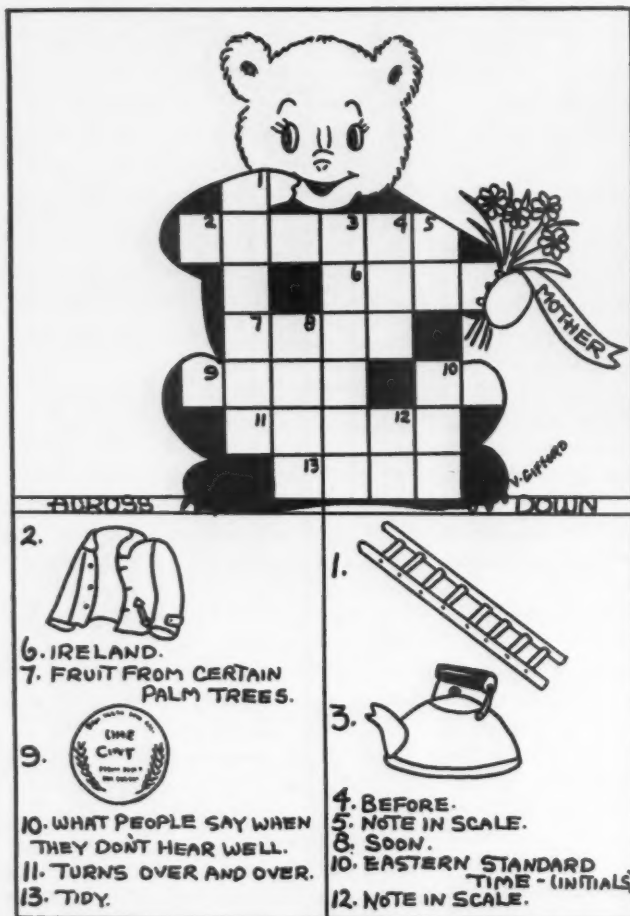
Patient's name — Beau
Owner's name — Mrs. Theodore Wright
Cat Age — 10 months
Sex — male Weight — 10 lbs.
Temp. — 103.6
Diagnosis — Acute infection, right ear.
D. Fortune

BEAU came to live with Mrs. Wright when he was six weeks old. Four little white feet and just the merest suggestion of white in his fur makes Beau a rather dark tiger kitty. His large bright eyes and baby-innocent expression give him a very appealing look which he uses to good advantage. You find it hard to believe that *he* could be guilty of such mischief and destruction.

But there's nothing Beau likes better than a good romp. Everything is fun to him. That's how he became a patient at Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. *The other cat was not playing!* When he swung on Beau he had all nails bared and they found their mark. Fortunately, Mrs. Wright was near at hand and heard Beau's cry of pain and fright. Unfortunately, her home remedies and Beau's attempts to treat his own wounds were not enough to ward off the infection that set in.

However, he's doing fine now and will have to be in the hospital for only a few days. Of course, he may have to wear his fancy headgear a while longer because as wounds heal, they itch—and as we all know, there's no remedy for itch like a good scratch. And Beau has some nice sharp scratchers which he would like to put to use. He asks very plainly for someone to remove that interference but in this case, we have to admit the "doctor knows best."

CHILDREN'S



Answers to Puzzle will appear Next Month.

Answers to April Puzzle: Across—2. baker, 6. aim, 7. S.S., 8. sky, 9. tie, 10. V, 11. Pts. Down—1. daisy, 2. basket, 3. Km., 4. Ra, 5. oh, 8. sip.

Ginger

By Daniel Chapman (7½)

My cat, Ginger, is brave. Once he chased a dog around the house because the dog was barking at his friend. Ginger likes water too. He jumps up in the sink and plays with the water when I turn on the faucet. He is a yellow cat and is soft and fluffy. Sometimes he likes to play with my Davy Crockett set. He messes it up though.



Playmates Whoffie and Fluffie

Whoffie

By Martha Woodall (9)

One day on Friday the 13th, two years ago, my mother brought home a nice surprise to my sister and me. Can you guess? It was a Belgian Hare rabbit. We named it "Whoffie."

We have a large garden near a swamp. My father built a pen for Whoffie and my sister used to bring her in each night. But one night she was gone and my sister looked and looked for her. Where do you think she was? Sitting by a tree looking around. My sister picked her up and took her to her house. The next day we saw how she jumped out. She would jump, hit the tree, and the tree would bounce her over. You see her pen was beside the tree.

She eats rabbit pellets, cabbage, carrots and lettuce. She can climb up and down steps. She'll beg, follow you and come to you. She is funny. Sometimes she'll try to take your clothes off but it doesn't hurt.

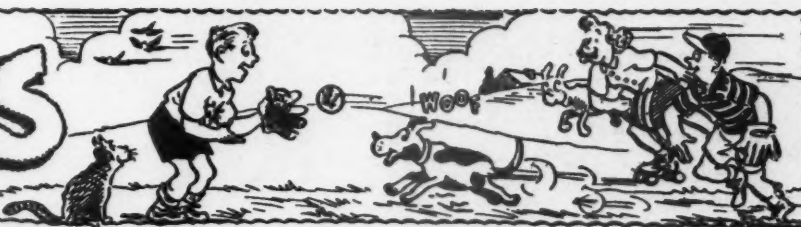
We take her out because she won't run away. One day we looked for her from six to nine P.M. but she finally came back. She was at the swamp. Each day I take her out and she plays by herself, while I play football with the boys.

Whoffie has a friend named "Fluffy." He is a brown Pomeranian dog who is 16 years old. They are fond of each other.

Whoffie hopes for spring so she can get out again among the bushes in the garden.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

PAGES



We thought you would enjoy seeing this picture of twelve-year-old David Fenwick of Little Falls, New Jersey with his pets. Jiggs, the dog, and Spooky, the cat, were having a friendly bout, but paused for a moment to have their picture snapped.

My Friend Judy Learns a Lesson

(Grade 5)

There is a dog who lives near us. Judy is her name and every day she wanders up to our house for something. As she approaches I give her any left-overs we might have. When the meal is over, she takes a nap on the back steps. Then we romp and play together.

Our friendship thus began, and through thick and thin Judy and I remained pals. But one day while chasing a car she was seriously injured. She lay on the sidewalk until one of the neighbors saw her and brought her to her owner. Finally they took her to a veterinarian. I patiently waited. To my surprise, the doctor said that Judy would be all right. Since that day, she has never chased another car.

Dear "Animals",

Animals to me are like a piece of china that would break with the slightest touch although you might not think so. Animals have feelings but are not at all like humans. Some animals have four feet, some have wings and there are many other ways that animals are not like humans. One of the biggest differences is that animals are helpless. So why don't you care for a dumb animal. You will be thankful for it. I am hoping that everyone will share this with me and lend a hand right away.

Hilary King (10)
Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Pansy

By Kathy Selley (11)

I have a three colored angora cat who is very soft and pretty. Her name is Pansy because her face is a lovely yellow like the inside of a pansy. She is 7 and a half years old and is lots of fun to play with.

We used to live in the country in New Hampshire and Pansy had plenty of space to run around. Then, three years ago, we moved to San Francisco and Pansy acts as if she has lived here all her life. She enjoys all our neighbors' gardens and the park across the street, so I guess she likes the city.

Pansy has been across the United States three times—twice by automobile and once by train.

We have had Pansy since she was born because we had her mother first. I think she is the nicest cat I have ever seen.



One says "Quack!", and one says "Goo!"
One, at night time, says "Hoo! Hoo!"
One of them lays breakfast eggs.
One goes wading on long legs.
One cries "Polly wants a cracker!"
One says "Caw!" and couldn't be blacker.
One is on money that you spend.
One carries messages you sent.
Start right each time, move square to square,
Spell out their names—all nine are there.

Answers:

Duck, dove, owl, hen, heron, parrot, crow, eagle, pigeon.



On farms all over America one finds old and faithful work horses who are no longer needed to do the heavy work of the farm—yet their owners are reluctant to get rid of them. They keep these horses for some light work until such time as old age takes them out of the picture. There was always a close bond between a good man and his good horses. Faithful horses would work until they were ready to drop, at the word of their trusted master. All too soon these fine animals will be replaced by machines. By Fern Berry.

Always a Welcome Home

By Elsie Simon

THE thing that pleases me most about our wire-haired terrier, Ginger, is her welcome-home greeting. She shows an all-out joy with her wagging tail and shakes all over with delight when seeing any of the family coming up the walk. The children take her warm welcome for granted and sometimes pay no attention, but she stays on their welcoming-committee and never gets discouraged. I am amazed and flattered that any creature should exhibit such joy at the sight of me.

Her greeting is consistently enthusiastic. She has no moods of indifference, grumpiness or anger. She never has a selfish motive for her display of affection. The children often greet my return with, "What did you bring me?" or, "Why didn't you bring me this or that?" My husband can be depended upon to welcome me home if the answer to his question, "How much did you spend?" is satisfactory. I have learned I have a right to be suspicious of a warm welcome from

the children if there are dishes in the sink or other household chores unfinished. But Ginger's welcome always depends upon nothing but my presence.

At one time I thought the joy at seeing me come home must be because she was either hungry or thirsty. To test this theory, when I went out I told the children to be extra attentive to all her wants and I am sure they were. When I returned home after feeding time and found her water dish full, she still welcomed me as only a dog can.

When I go to my neighbors for a little trivial gossip, or downtown to buy a new hat, Ginger greets my arrival home with pride and joy, just as if I had been out accomplishing great things. She believes I always deserve a fine welcome and does her best to give me one.

I have often heard that old saying that, "A man's best friend is his dog," and I think the reason for it is—nobody can welcome home anyone the way a dog can.

American Breeds

By Farley Manning

THE 126 breeds and varieties of purebred dogs sponsored in this country by the organized American dog fancy originated in so many lands and climes and periods of history that it is not uncommon to hear either the Boston Terrier or the Chesapeake Bay Retriever referred to as "the only American-made dog."

But there are others. One of the longest in the making is the latest to be officially recognized by the American Kennel Club. It is the American Water Spaniel. What dog was its original American ancestor nobody knows, but it may have been the Spaniel who came over on the Mayflower.

Colonists had hardly more than set foot in Virginia when they began creating American versions out of British hounds. The AKC-recognized "purebred" results are the American Foxhound and the black-and-tan Coonhound.

The Alaskan Malamute is aboriginal, existing as a breed before the first white man saw what is now U. S. A. soil. Aboriginal also is the basic Mexican stock which creative American breeders have refined into what is currently this country's most popular toy dog—the Chihuahua. And the Mexican Hairless is pre-Columbian.

America's Staffordshire Terrier is distinct from the English breed of that name. The American Cocker Spaniel has been made distinct from its English cousin, to be a definite breed in its own right.

Knocking at the AKC door for official recognition is the "Amertoy" or Toy Fox-terrier. Other American breeds are in process of creation. Hound addicts recognize, within their peculiar precincts, several special strains.

Nature Recreation

Dr. William G. Vinal's book, **NATURE RECREATION**, is full of good humane philosophy with regard to the out-of-doors, as well as a program of ideas, and sources for further free or inexpensive materials.

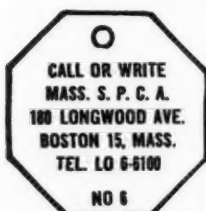
This book will fill the often stated demand of teachers, Junior Humane Societies, Scout leaders, camps and clubs for an inexpensive guide for outdoor activities.

Selling for \$3.50 each, **NATURE RECREATION** may be secured by writing to the Wildlife and Conservation Department, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

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Order your **DOG IDENTITY TAG** today—and your Identification Kit, too, if you don't have one. Send just fifty cents (check or money order) for each KIT or TAG you want to the Dog Identity Bureau, Massachusetts SPCA, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

P. S. Be sure to notify the Bureau if: (1) you change your address, (2) your dog changes owners or dies, or (3) you wish to put the tag on a different dog.

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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